

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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THAT ADDED BILLION.

According to the valuation placed upon them by the Stock Exchange, the securities of the Standard Oil enterprises have increased a billion dollars since the beginning of the year.

The Standard has discovered no new fields from which their wells gush forth the liquid of wealth which is the foundation of value behind their stocks.

The actual amount of oil being produced is but little, if any more, than it was back in January when a low level was reached in the marketing of these stocks.

And yet, according to the records, those companies are today valued at a billion more than they were these few months back.

If you leave it to the experts on stock markets, that added billion is put there by confidence and the belief of men with money that the country is on the road to prosperity and that the Standard will be able to earn dividends on this extra billion which comes from no where but a state of mind.

Of course, the United States senate has adopted a resolution ordering an investigation of the price charged of gasoline.

Senator LaFollette, who fathered this movement, charged that the price of crude oil had remained practically unchanged while the price of gasoline fixed by the Standard had been increased a few cents on a gallon, but enough to raise many millions of dollars each month from the users of automobiles.

Possibly the senate, sometime next year, after it probes into the market conditions in South America, the flexibility of the Mexican government, the monopoly of refineries, may discover just what it was that cheated that added billion from the Rockefeller enterprises.

In the absence of any showing of added investment, of the lack of any new great natural supply, of any source of revenue except the sale of gasoline, every one has a big interest in this billion which Wall Street adds to the market value of this concern.

Wall street thinks in terms of percentages and dividends. It cares little how those dividends come as long as it believes that the checks will be ready at the end of each quarter.

A letter to the two Indiana senators, asking about this extra billion and its possible relation to the price paid for gasoline, might spur them to hurry along this inquiry and not postpone it until you put up your car for next winter and will need no more gas.

These billions that come from no where but go to a very definite source can usually be traced to the pennies taken from the pocketbook of the public.

AN APPEAL FOR HICKEY.

An admirer of Congressman Hickey has sent to the News-Times a letter advocating the reelection of that official. It is found on this page.

It is an interesting letter because it reveals, very unwittingly, the reason why Congress is very much in disfavor with the people and why little can be expected when elections are held upon the basis of argument which it advances.

The plea for Hickey is confined to the fact that he is very much interested in securing a separate federal court which will bring to South Bend some dollars in hotel bills from visiting jurors and from visiting lawyers.

While it might be pointedly asked why the voters should elect a man who had failed to secure the court and why it might not be better policy to elect some one who had power and strength enough to secure this utility, if it be needed, consider for a moment just what this plea means.

It means that votes are asked on the old "pork barrel" argument and that men are sent to Congress empowered to pass upon matters of vital national policy but whose recommendation is their agility and activity in dipping into the public treasury.

It means that the will of the people of this district on matters of the tariff, on the question of bonus, on the problem of excess profit taxes, is to be subordinated to the matter of getting a few dollars from other towns by way of the land courier.

Instead of sending a lawmaker and a statesman, the people are asked to send a lobbyist who can tap the treasury for the particular benefit of the people here, without reference to the necessities of the occasion of the the justice to the rest of the country.

Pork barrel congressmen have brought the entire system of legislation into public disfavor and under public suspicion.

It is the system which puts prohibitive tariffs on the manufactured articles of the east to be paid for in increased costs to the farmer and the worker of the west.

It is the system which holds the members from along water fronts and the rivers in line for vicious policies in order that they may bring a job to some contractor at home.

It is the system which has made statesmanship a joke and reduced lawmaking to the bargain and sale basis of horse trading.

If you run a hotel, and are anxious to get the dollars of grand jurors, the argument may appeal.

If you want to be represented in congress by some one who can visualize the needs of the entire nation, who has personal convictions on matter of national policy, who is not willing to subordinate principle in legislation to consideration in the appropriation measure, a different argument may be needed to obtain your vote.

The old pork barrel is responsible for many evils. It is too altogether vicious to be revived as an argument in elections when mighty issues of policy and the public good are at stake.

THE PATH TO SUCCESS.

The theory, brought to this city by the "practical psychologists," now lecturing at a local theater, that the human mind has the possibility of securing any object, material or spiritual, which it can visualize is more than interesting.

There will be those who will doubt such a possibility and who will find many arguments in environment, circumstance and external conditions to prove their point.

But whether their theory be correct or not, it is unquestionably true that no man reaches a higher stage of life, either in the world of business and industry, or in the development of self, than is fixed by his ambition and his desires.

The first step to success must be an object in life

and the more definite that object is, the greater is the chance for attaining it.

The person who merely wishes and who changes, from day to day, his standard and his goal, rapidly becomes a drifter on the tides of life, carried away with each gust and current, turned with each passing desire and shunted about in the back waters of indecision.

He wins the big prizes who firmly fixes for himself the path he is to follow and then has the courage to cling to that road, no matter what the obstacles and without regard to the difficulties.

The great trouble is that so very few ever take the trouble to find out what they really want out of life. If they think of riches, it is in some intangible term without any definite estimate of what wealth for them really be.

To a negro porter working in a Texas hotel, wealth and happiness meant a second hand flivver and a screen door that was not warped.

It just so happened that last week, through one of those strikes in oil, a barren forty acres of land which he held through the gift of a former employer, reached the value of a half million.

He, or rather the lawyers who made the bargain, has that half million and he now turns his thoughts to spending it all upon the broken auto and the cheap door.

To him that was the limit of all ambition and all the money that he may receive from the gusher beneath his hand lot will be valueless.

Money is not the only measurement for life or the things that can be obtained.

To the person who fixes his standard of relations with the world on the basis of getting even, of matching wits, of protecting himself from extortions or impositions, may find himself offered a wealth of friendship and affection. If he should be so fortunate, he will be as powerless to receive it as this aged negro is to enjoy the things that the half million might purchase.

The man who regulates his life on the basis of taking all and giving nothing, usually finds that his accumulations in the end bring little of happiness and no enjoyment.

The woman who fixes her aim in life at being able to outshine her neighbors, who measures all life by the ability to make some one else envious, may be able to satisfy that emotion—and when she does finds it a very empty satisfaction.

They are only slightly better off than the person who has no aim in life and who never gets anywhere because he does not have a place to which he wishes to go.

It is a rather startling suggestion which this visiting lecturer makes, that any one may go as far as he desires and may choose his own life. But more startling is the truth that no one ever arrives who does not choose a destination.

THE DUMB-BELLS.

A "commission of experts" investigates the inmates of the Iowa reformatory, Michigan. It applies the army psychology test and plainly announces that the percentage of inmates of average mentality is greater than that of drafted men who served in the American army during the World War.

This probably strikes you as ridiculous. It is. It takes a report like this Iowa "finding" to show up the bunk of the average intelligence test.

You have seen such tests. They run like this: "If black is white, place a cross here—but if a cow has three horns underscore 'horns' and then state 'yes' or 'no' whether a circle is square," etc.

While the above is a burlesque on the average mentality test, it is fully as sane and sensible as the real thing.

The trouble with the mentality tests is that they grade intellect according to mental agility and cunning.

Outside of geniuses, the highest grade of brain is slow-thinking. If you have ever consulted a white-bearded philosopher, you know that the oracle hears your case, ponders it with deliberation, views it from all angles, then in a terse sentence utters the decision of wisdom.

The fast thinker arrives at wrong conclusions oftener than the slow thinker.

The fast thinker usually is a surface thinker. A large part of humanity's time is devoted to correcting the errors of judgment on the part of the "snap judgment" boys who glanced, instead of looking thoroughly, before leaping.

After all, what is intelligence? A hard question to answer, regardless of the expert who thinks that "everybody's out of step but me."

HIGHLY EXPLOSIVE.

Do you know that ordinary flour, the kind that is used to bake bread, is highly explosive?

Government chemists, after seven years' study, tell some interesting things about it.

Since 1860, at least 35 flour mills have been wrecked by explosions of flour dust. Old-timers will recall the record explosion of 1878, when five separate flour mills were blown up in Minneapolis with a loss of 18 lives.

In 1917 a similar explosion in a grain elevator destroyed enough grain to feed 200,000 people for a year.

David J. Price, engineer in charge of Uncle Sam's investigation of dust explosions, says that dust in general is a high explosive.

Combustible dust is an unavoidable by-product of about 21,000 manufacturing plants in our country. Terrible explosions lurk in the dust of coal, cork, aluminum, cottonseed, rubber, sawdust, sugar, starch and spices.

Many factories have been burned to the ground by fire started by spontaneous combustion in dust accumulated deeply on rafters.

The housewife, however, can go ahead baking bread and swiping dust disrespectfully after sweeping, without fear.

For dust, while explosive, is hard to "set off." The thing that appeals to the scientific side of your mind is the enormous power that must be locked up in everything.

Some day the stupendous power locked up in tiny atoms will be released and utilized by man.

Search for this atomic-power utilization is keeping many a scientist working overtime in his laboratories. For years it has been one of Sir Oliver Lodge's main goals.

The fact that flour or the dust of such things as cork and rubber contain explosive powers like dynamite suggests that a generation or two from now people may be using entirely different kinds of power than at present.

For all we know, gasoline, coal and electricity may become obsolete, their place taken by a small machine that will release the thunderbolts locked up in tiny atoms. This is visionary, but possible.

Texas man is running for office against his wife. Win or lose, we would hate to be him.

Chicago claims she will have 3,000,000 people by 1925 if she can keep them alive.

About the only thing scarier than hens' teeth are pretty girls who don't know it.

People who go for a vacation don't always get one.

The Tower of Babel

Bill Armstrong

IF A MOTOR COULD TALK

The fan would say, Keep cool. The tires would say, Retire Early. The wheels would say, Be a Good fellow.

The bearings would say, Avoid Friction; The muffler would say, Don't blow too much.

The cylinder would say, Don't be a knocker. The carburetor would say, Be a good mixer.

The crank would say, A quick turn-over is what counts. The starter would say, one good turn deserves another.

Well it's time to retire. At that we Auto.

—C. H. D.

One of our friends made a mean suggestion to us yesterday. They asked us why we didn't have Riley Hinkle equip the top of our new Ford with shock absorbers, so that when we were in danger of tipping over we would bounce back and forth like a ship until the car finally got back to normalcy.

Bob McNerny, our 7 foot circulation manager, has taken up golf. He is having a set of golf clubs made out of fish poles.

The quartet will now sing, "Child, You'll Have to Grow Longer Arms if You Want to Cling to Mother's Skirts."

Since Mayor Seebirt has decided the city hasn't the funds sufficient for the purchase, maybe the Daily Moan could persuade him to trade the natatorium for the golf links site.

A lot of people, who say they will have their telephones taken out if the rates are boosted, are the same ones that have been calling central for the past 30 or 40 minutes to inquire the time, or where the fire is.

IMPORTANT BUSINESS IN THE GREATEST LEGISLATIVE BODY IN THE WORLD

(From The News-Times)
WASHINGTON, June 8.—(By U. P.) Rep. John Kinsell, New York, stated today what he said would be a "vigorous campaign"

YOUR HEALTH — By Dr. R. S. Copeland

Yesterday there came to my office a handsome young man. He had snapping black eyes, perfect teeth and a broad smile. He was a winner, some a young chap as I have met in a long time.

What do you think he wanted? He said that he was soon to be married to a lovely girl. Before taking the final step he desired to have a thorough physical examination and a test of his secretion and blood.

"I want to know that I am offering to my young woman the kind of husband she deserves," he said.

Isn't this commendable? He is doing voluntarily what will be required of every prospective bride and groom in the days to come.

If such an examination were submitted to by every young couple, many marriages would be postponed. Some of them would never take place.

It isn't fair for a young man who has an incurable disease to take to wife a charming young woman who must soon be left a widow. No man should take this step till he is certain he is a good risk.

We learned a lot about the health of our young men when ten million were examined in the selective draft. Too many were found to be below par.

Without a good heart, perfect health is impossible. Fortunately, most heart disturbances are functions. This means there is no actual disease or defect in the heart, but its action is defective in some way.

There are remote and general causes for such disturbances. When these exciting causes are removed the heart returns to normal action.

If there is serious valvular trouble we are dealing with a different condition. This is a thing to be discovered by a careful examination.

in behalf of his bill enthrone the daisy as the national flower of the United States. Kinsell said he expected some opposition on the floor especially from the dandelion bloc.

THE TRUTH ABOUT BILL CASS

While the majority of us crab and growl when the hot weather hits us, there is one man we have discovered is thrown into a perfect ecstasy of delight every time the mercury goes up. This man is Bill Cass, the tire man. We happened in on Bill the other day for a little chat. Although it was early in the morning, a dozen unfortunate motorists had already fallen into Bill's clutches as he sat out the rampages of hot weather on tires. As Bill worked amongst the tires, he whistled cheerfully. Two tires let go over on Michigan street about this time, another one across the street from Bill's shop blew up with a loud sickening report and three other motorists limped into Colfax avenue on the rims. All this destruction put Bill in an exceedingly gleeful frame of mind. He became so cheerful in fact that he very kindly filled all of our tires full of air. But after we got around the corner, we got out and put the tire valves to each wheel. Bill had blown all our tires up to 200 pounds, evidently expecting us to be forced to return to his place of business in a very few minutes. We let some of the wind out carefully. Darned if we like to be driving around town, feeling as if we were sitting on top of a mine.

SOUNDS LIKE GEORGE M. PLATNER

The storm and strife had gone away from home leaving the husband lamenting in arriving at her destination she had her gold brooch, and sent a post card to her servant asking the girl to let her know if she found anything on the dining room floor when sweeping it next morning.

The servant duly replied: "Dear Madam, I am sorry to let you know if I found anything when sweeping the dining room floor this morning. I beg to report that I found 30 matches, three corks and a pack of cards."

The storm returned by the next train.

Just Folks By Edgar A. Guest

THE FRIENDLY FELLOW.
The smile of him is winning.
There is kindness in his grinning.
There is music in his laughter,
And no malice in his singing;
He is just the sort of fellow
That seems juicy-like and mellow.
Yet is good right to the middle
And without a streak of yellow.

Isn't better than his brother,
Isn't cleverer than another.
Just a good son to his father
And the idol of his mother.
Just a man—like all the many—
With his faults, of course, but then
Seems to cover them with kindness
So you'd think he hadn't any.

(Copyright, 1922.)

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

THE RULE OF REASON.
(A former Grand Duke is now cashier of an Austrian bank.)

Grand Dukes are men I rarely meet,
So who am I to say
That they have not the sort of feet
That walk the narrow way?

They may observe the Golden Rule
And scatter smiles about.
Or even teach in Sunday school,
Though that I rather doubt.

But they were spenders in their time;
Before their jobs they lost.
They had a noble and sublime
Contempt for what things cost.

They rode about in limousines,
And charged 'em to the State,
The public digging up the means
With which to pay the freight.

When used to wealth, it irks a man,
As everybody knows,
To buy on the installment plan
His furniture and clothes.

To have to wear a last year's hat,

To save the cash to meet
The rental of a dismal flat,
Upon a dingy street.

And so, though I do not imply
That people could not trust
A man with wealth in days gone by,
But recently gone bust,
Were one employed in any bank,
I patronized, I swear
That I should hurry down and yank
My money out of there!

PROOF.
It is not surprising that Mr. Bryan
does not believe in evolution. He
began life as a politician without
any office, and—well!

KEEP AWAY.
Travel into the Balkans is difficult
because of the rush of royal families
coming out.

RUSHED.
Between peace conferences and
golf matches, Lloyd George gets
precious little time to run England.
(Copyright, 1922.)

You can clean 'em with a song.
Use Blue Devil all along.

155-159-160.

THREE MINUTE JOURNEYS

WHERE MEN SMOKE PIPES A YARD LONG

Korea, the country which lies northeast of China, has had a varied history. Originally this country—then named "The Chosen"—was an independent state. Then it was conquered by China. After the war with Japan, Korea practically became the property of Japan.

The capital of Korea—Seoul—is the centre of all activities. It is crowded with humanity, who appear to have nothing in particular on their minds, and no definite objects in view.

The natives look like Chinese, but dress differently. They wear long, loose coats, resembling overcoats, and the fashion in hats is most ludicrous from our point of view. Every man wears a hat like a woman's stiff sailor hat. It does not fit the head, but is perched on the crown of the head, and held on by a broad band under the chin.

This peculiar headgear is made of bamboo with a thin crown of straw cloth, which does not prevent the sun from burning down on the head in summer nor does it keep out the snows and rains of winter. In fact, it appears absolutely inconvenient and useless.

In every Korean's mouth is some kind of a pipe. Practically every Korean smokes all of the time—the men, women and children. The gentlemen carry their pipes in their sleeves or tucked jauntily in their belts. The coolies, when working, thrust their pipes through their top-knots, the way some of the salesmen in the stores used to carry their pencils.

In Korea there are several varieties of pipes. There are even "street pipes" and "house pipes." The "street pipe" is about a foot long with a foolish little bowl on the end. But the "house pipe" is an elaborate affair which cannot be lighted by the smoker himself—he has to depend on a servant or a member of his family to perform this office. He could never reach the bowl himself—because the "house pipes" in Korea measure a yard in length.

The PublicPulse

INDORSES HICKEY.

Editor News-Times:
I favor the re-election of Andrew J. Hickey to congress because I am selfishly interested for the reason that I am a South Bend property owner. There is now pending in congress, favorably recommended by the Judiciary committee of the house of representatives, a bill to divide the state of Indiana into two federal court districts, making the headquarters of the other South Bend. This being Mr. Hickey's bill his defeat will mean to his fellow members of congress that South Bend is against the bill and, therefore, regardless of the likable personality of its opponent, Miss O'Keefe, her election will mean that South Bend does not want this new district court for Indiana with headquarters for South Bend.

This is very important because every property owner in South Bend, like myself, will have his property increased in value by the establishment of this court, which is sorely needed in northern Indiana to save expense on the part of those who have business before a federal court and because its establishment in South Bend will cause the erection here of a federal court building of the value of at least \$500,000 which will add greatly to the value of the property of every property owner in St. Joseph county and particularly in South Bend and Mishawaka.

Not only that, but the establishment of the court here will bring jurors and grand jurors and witnesses and court officials and investigators to South Bend as a location and as they must all live here while doing business at this point it needs no argument to show that the establishment of the court is something which every South Bendor should desire.

C. M. SLUSSER,
218 E. Indiana Av.
South Bend, Ind. 9, 1922.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL

Love is like home-made wine: one kiss too much, one raisin too many—and pout, crash—there's nothing left!

It is hard to say which suffers worse: a woman holding her breath while her husband hunts for the hooks on the back of her evening gown, or a man holding his breath while his wife tries to repeat his favorite funny story.

A perfect evening of "soul-companionship" is one after which the girl and the man go home each feeling that the other has been thoroughly and successfully "vamped."

All a girl needs in order to be a perfect stenographer is the tact of a divorce lawyer, the patience of Job, the rapidity of a fireman, the coolness of a surgeon, the acuteness of a mind-reader, the nerves of a clam and the temper of an angel. And yet men wonder why a girl possessing all those virtues would rather be a young man's "slave" than an old man's office fixture!

The art of preserving love consists in never permitting the flame to become either too dim or too intense. Love, like a pudding, should be neither frozen nor burnt out, but kept just "simmering" forever.

Love is a beautiful symphony—to which a man insists on adding innumerable little interludes.

Advice to the friends and families of a bride pair: "Keep off the grass" in the matrimonial Garden of Eden.

They who seek only for faults see nothing else.

He that is afraid of doing too much always does too little.

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Carved Bone

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\$1.50

Especially appropriate for summer adornment are these white, hand carved bone necklaces.